

Woman was "My wife" whom Heaven gave to me,  
 Until she bade adieu to enter realms where sorrow is unknown  
 She left me with a charge to guide o'er life's rough sea,  
 Until the earth reclaims what really is its own.

Woman, was "My daughter," of young and tender age,  
 Driven by misfortune from her childhood's home;  
 God holds "that key" that will all sorrows yet assuage,  
 And reunite the ones that were enforced to roam.

Woman swayed the sceptre with a loving hand,  
 That brought her subjects in communion with each other;  
 Her noble deeds now speak in every part of India's land,  
 With her name in reverence held, as India's faithful mother.

Who can climb the hills of woman's lofty thoughts,  
 Or penetrate the depth of love concealed in woman's heart;  
 Who enumerate the blessings woman's zeal has brought  
 Upon the fettered slave once pierced by Satan's dart.

Woman sits beside the couch all through the night  
 And cools the parting lips that bespeak the fever heat;  
 She mourns the darkness of that soul that has no ray of light,  
 As she counts that feeble pulse that has almost ceased to beat.

There are Mary's yet within many a humble home,  
 Who could entertain the stranger and bathe the weary feet:  
 And there are angels yet who on the earth still roam,  
 That in the future will enjoy the right hand seat.

On Calvary's dark mount, where stood the motley crowd  
 To behold a scene, the darkness in the annals of the age;  
 There woman stood with head in deepest sorrow bowed,  
 "To Him alone," who could her bitter grief assuage.

Woman there beheld her Son upon the ignominious cross,  
 Between two thieves who were rightly doomed to die;  
 She knew not then her gain came through her loss  
 Of "Our King," who cried "Eloi! Eloi! lama sabachthan!"

Woman has arisen to the highest pinnacle of fame,  
 By seeking to ameliorate and lessen other's woes;  
 She has proved herself well worthy of a name  
 That will yield a richer perfume than the summer rose.

'Tis woman sows the seed within the youthful heart,  
 That in its appointed time matures to golden grain;  
 She watches all the tares that from the surface start,  
 And quickly saps the roots ere they can sprout again.

It was woman first communed with our risen Lord,  
 Whom the grave with its shackles could no more contain;  
 It was she who spread the welcome news abroad,  
 That He who died upon the cross was now alive again

How often words are spurned that come from woman's heart,  
 Because her earthly garment portrays her humble birth;  
 God knows how nobly she has performed her part,  
 And the angels can rejoice o'er her deeds of untold worth.